

Teachers College
Farmville, Virginia.

THE GUIDON

May-June
1907



State Female Normal School
Farmville, Va.

The Guidon

May-June, 1907

"I stay but for my Guidon."—Shakespeare.



State Female Normal School

Farmville, Virginia



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THE GUIDON

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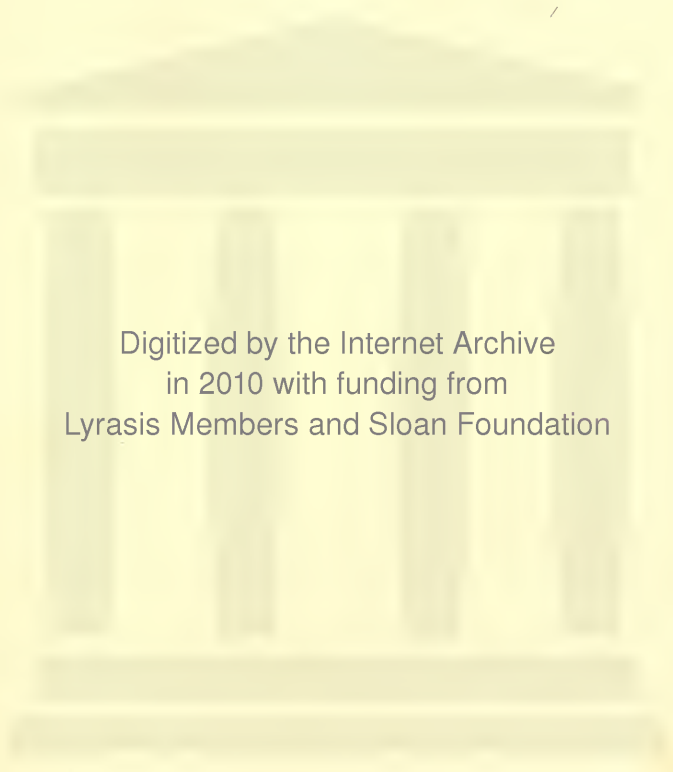
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THE GUIDON STAFF.

THE GUIDON

"It were better youth
Should strive through acts uncouth
Toward making, than repose upon
Aught found made."—*Browning*.

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MAY-JUNE, 1907.

No. 4

A Charming Letter-Writer.



OME ONE in speaking of Charles Lamb says, "We possess his letters which are the most fascinating disclosure of a personality in our literature. There is something that wins and touches us in such a frank disclosure of a private history." To appreciate them we must be in sympathy with the man himself, we must remember his characteristics. These letters were written to his dear friends. Was there ever anyone like the writer?—playful, humorous, loyal, loving, trusting Charles Lamb. In them he was frank to criticize the writings which his friends sent him; he expressed his personal views on many subjects; he discussed his private affairs, his poverty,

been many years ago. I should be as scandalized to see a bon mot issuing from his oracle-looking mouth as to see Cato go down a country dance."

In 1775, Lamb met Southey, and began a correspondence with him which lasted, except for a brief interval, throughout his life. While he did not have the same admiration for him that he had for his more brilliant friend, he was more at home with Southey, and "the sprightly runnings" of his humorous fancy had full play. Here is one of his freaks: "My taylor has brought me home a new coat lapelled, with a velvet collar. He answers me that everybody wears velvet collars now. Some are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others, like your humble servant, have fashion thrust upon them. The rogue has been making inroads hitherto by modest degrees, foisting upon me an additional button, recommending gaiters, but to come upon me thus in the full tide of luxury neither becomes him as a taylor nor the ninth of a man."

Another letter just as playful was written when Southey was thinking of making a calendar illustrative of the remarkable days of the year. "I am sometimes curious to know what progress you make in the calendar; what you do, or how you manage, when the saints meet and quarrel for precedence; how you manage to ennoble the first of April. By the way, I had a thing to say, but a certain false modesty has hitherto prevented me; perhaps I can best communicate my wish by a hint—my birthday comes on the tenth of April, new style; but if it interferes with any remarkable event, why, rather than my country should lose her fame, I care not if I put my nativity back eleven days."

In 1806, Lamb's play, *Mr. H.*, came out. While it was to have only one night's existence on the stage, it was to become "a good jest forever," and its acceptance gave him some happy moments. He wrote Manning, who was in China, of it: "A new farce is in the rehearsal. The title is *Mr. H.*, no more; how simple, how taking! A great H sprawling over the playbill, and attracting eyes at every corner. The story is a coxcomb appearing at Bath, vastly rich—all the ladies dying for him—all bursting to know who he is—but he goes by no other name than *Mr. H.*; a curiosity like that of the dames of Strasburg about the man with a great nose. But I won't tell you any more about it. Yes, I will, but I can't give you any idea how I have done it. I'll just tell you that, after much vehement admiration, when his true name comes out, '*Hogsflesh*,' all the women shun him, avoid him, and not one can be found to change their name for him—that's the idea—how flat it is here—but how whimsical in the farce. All China will ring of it by and by."

When the play came out, Lamb and his sister sat in the front of the pit. The epilogue was encored and he joined in heartily. Later, when the farce was hissed off the stage, he hooted as loudly as any of his neighbors. In writing to Manning, he says, "I suppose you know my farce was damned. The noise still rings in my ears. Was you ever in the pillory? Being damned is something like that. Hang 'em, how they hissed! it was not a hiss neither, but a sort of frantic yell, like a congregation of wild geese, with roaring 'sometimes like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes that hissed me into madness. 'Twas like *St. Anthony's* temptations. Mercy on us,

that God should give his favorite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to counsel wisely, to sing with, to drink with and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into mouths of adders, bears, wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breath through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and villify the innocent labors of their fellow-creatures who are desirous to please them."

Manning was traveling the world over when these letters were written, and it was a great grief to Lamb that he should be so far away. "Manning, your letter dated Hottentots, August the what-was-it? came to hand. I can scarce hope that mine will have the same luck. China—Canton—bless us—how it strains the imagination and makes it ache! Oh, that you should be so many hemispheres off—if I speak incorrectly you can correct me—why the simplest death or marriage that takes place here must be important to you as news in the old Bastille."

Some of his most tender letters are about this separation. However, many of the letters are just pure fun with no trace of sadness in them. One of them begins, "Perhaps the next fleet may bring you a letter from Martin Burney, to say, that he writes by desire of Miss Lamb, who is not well enough to write herself, to inform you that her brother died on Thursday last, 14th of June, etc. But I hope *not*. I should be sorry to give occasion to open a correspondence between Martin and you."

Soon after this, he writes again. "I have published a little book for children on titles of honor; and to give them some idea of the difference of rank and

gradual rising, I have made a little scale, supposing myself to receive the following various accession of dignity from the king, who is the fountain of honor—As at first, 1, Mr. C. Lamb; 2, C. Lamb, Esq. 3, Sir C. Lamb, Bart.; 4, Baron Lamb of Stamford (where my family came from. I have chosen that if ever I should have my choice.); 5, Viscount Lamb; 6, Earl Lamb; 7, Marquis Lamb; 8, Duke Lamb. It would look like quibbling to carry it on further, though sometimes in my dreams I have imagined myself still advancing, as, 9, King Lamb; 10, Emperor Lamb; 11, Pope Innocent, than which is nothing higher.”

In this same humorous strain, he goes on to say that the Persian ambassador is the principal thing talked of now. “I sent some people to see him worship the sun on Primrose Hill, at half-past six, Nov. 28; but he did not come, which makes me think the old fire-worshippers are a sect almost extinct.—While I think of it, I have put three letters into the India post for you. Will they, have they, did they come safe? The distance you are at cuts up tenses by the root.”

Bernard Barton, like himself, toiled over figures in an office. To him Lamb writes, “I am, like you, a prisoner to the desk. I have been chained to that galley thirty years; a long shot. I have almost grown to the wood. If no imaginative, I am sure I am a figurative writer. Do Friends allow puns?” In this letter he quotes his sonnet, Work:

“ Who first invented work, and bound the free
And holy-day rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity of business,
In the green fields and the town,
To plough, loom, anvil, spade; and oh, most sad,
To that dry drudgery at the desk’s dead wood ? ”

Three years later, he wrote to the same friend, "I am free, B. B.—as free as air. I was set free on Tuesday in last week at four o'clock. I came home forever!" He had received a pension, and had retired from his drudgery. Once free, he found himself in a bewilderment of pleasure, as his letters show. To Miss Hutchinson he wrote, "You want to know all about my jail delivery. Faith, for some days I was staggered; could not comprehend the magnitude of my deliverance; was confused, giddy; knew not whether I was on my head, or my heel, as they say. But those giddy feelings have gone away, and my weather-glass stands at a degree or two above content."

The famous Mr. Weller says that the great art of letter-writing is that we wish there was more. When we read the letters of Charles Lamb we feel that he understood this great art, for no matter how often we read them they always delight us, and we put them down wishing there was more.

FLORA THOMPSON.

Lines Upon Nature—Benaturized.

“O good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things you never saw ?
Aye? Well, here is an order for you.”

Woods and cornfields, a little brown,
The picture must be clear and bright,
Reflecting all the gorgeous light
Of the stars when the summer sun is down.
These, and the house where I was born,
Low and little and bleak and cold;
With poems sweet and sermons old;
Maidens green and daisies pied,
Heads and shoulders clear outside;
And pure white lilies all ablush.
Perhaps you may have seen some day,
Cornfields blooming the selfsame way
Out of a wondering wayside bush.

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the dew drops nestling in the shade,
And of the snowbirds twittering all around.
Ah me! it was a dreadful sound
That came from the meadows rich with hay,
Far on that cold September day;
Bright the sky was, a golden brown,
The time we robbed the blue-bird's nest.

The lofty branch when it did come down,
Brought eggs and feathers and all the rest,
And over the hillside's barren top,
All atremble and ready to drop,
The round new moon with mellow eyes
Came sauntering out from its place in the skies.
At last we stood at our mother's knee,
But don't you think, sir, it was I
Who tried just then to act a lie.
I felt so keenly my disgrace
That I dared not show my freckled face.

“ You, sir, know
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet
And high as the heavens your name I'll shout ”
If you'll read this poem and figure it out.

A Story from the Old Soil.

BACK behind the foothills, the pines and the world --at the back of the world—is the heart of a county, where men who have returned to the same firm clay from which they were moulded, stood at the back of many world affairs, and started the mould for many problems that men wrestle with.

In this productive spot of earth lived two brothers, with the same warm Huguenot blood in their veins, yet were they so different that each was pointed to as a man above the common.

When you cross the “creek,” and wind around the curving road a mile, you will see the seat of a once renowned medical college, known far and wide as a mighty seat of learning. It was the home of a medical man of great renown for his wisdom and goodness of heart. Yearly a group of men surrounded him, storing all the precious knowledge they could glean for future use when they would be in the world’s midst, and there emulate the Master. “The Master” knew his field, and labored in his chosen work to send out in this way all his talents, ideas, or influence that would in any way help earth’s laborers. The tide of students, flowing in and out, carried them away, educated groups of men, from institutions near by absorbed them, and so his strong personal magnetic influence was radiated far beyond his county’s border. Dim outlined, across a stretch of hills and woods, is a moss-grown hut, where lived

a man with ideas too large to cope with. All thought of giving them out for the good and benefit they might do was cast aside. He was trying to discover the secret of man's life instead of his heart. He wished to find the key to mind and matter, to learn the secret of health, and life, and death. Beside this discovery of the secret of the human framework he deemed all else trivial. He felt the imperfections of men's minds, their ignorance and insignificance. To learn, learn, more, more, was his cry. Until he had his secret, he refused to be even a friend to other men.

While his brother, the Master, breathed out magnanimity and sweetness of soul he, the Anatomist shut himself from contact with imperfect man.

They had won, with a glorious victory, the battle with books and brains at the great university, and together had come back to their own people and started the medical school, the first in the commonwealth. But the older brother grew more silent and skeptical, less sympathetic and helpful, while his brother became tenderer with him, apologized for his indifference and fanaticism. He gradually took the entire responsibility, with skilled assistants, attended to lectures, leaving the fanatic to his beloved studies.

It was during the trying days, many Septembers ago, when the epidemic played havoc over the land, that the separation came. Even now the country folk will tell of the terrible days, when the Master himself came down from the college, with a corps of trained students, "like a general practitioner." He had sent his men among them "to show his teaching and their mettle." For better he deemed it that they

see the importance of life from the view of death rather than from doctrine.

He had come to his brother one day, and asked help. "Will you go?—an extreme case—we need you." "No," came the reply. "What is a life now and then? What do men know that they should continue to live? My work, when I have studied and learned, will save all pain and perils of ills. Wait until then." The great doctor trembled with the suddenness of the announcement. He reasoned, argued, pleaded, but the man spoke for the first time his purpose of life, and showed the things he had kept in his mind for years.

What were men for? what did they know? Nothing, nothing.—When he had learned and learned, he would teach them life's value, teach them how to learn; he would show them how "to understand all mysteries."

The world would yet be better for it. He was working day by day, to add one more step to his ladder that lead to perfect knowledge. Then Science would go forward with a bound, and his brother would among the rest see the fruit of his toil. He renounced the world and all claim it had upon him; he renounced men, and all thought they had of him—refused all until he found the acme of knowledge. Why, he asked, should he stop to deal with a man's immaterial body, when science trembled on the verge of a discovery that would show the mind's mastery over the body? Benefit one human being today, when all humanity might have the key to its existence tomorrow!

Into the Master's eyes had come a strange light; he saw the futility of reasoning, and recognized that his

ideas were too big for the time, and beside them all else was insignificant and little. He knew a great malady had come upon his brother—the delusion of grandeur.

“Our work must be done separately then. My students must not live in such an atmosphere. The view of human life I try to impress must not be stained with such skepticism.” So this was the reason the celebrated doctor’s brother was hidden away in the narrow bounds of a half gone hut, which you can see through the hill gaps from the grounds of the medical college. From its small window a small yellow light shone brightly, far into the night long after the college was in darkness and the village lights were snuffed out.

The night of the separation was clearly stamped on the mind of the “Master,” as the students had dubbed him. First in fun, and his name grew, it was accepted as the right one. He went out into the night again with the feeling that a part of himself had been taken away.

Yet in less than an hour he found the only one who could soothe the bitter hurt, so deep down that men often wondered if it was there. It was a late hour of the night, that he found a strange child around the cemetery bend, crouched terrified by the roadside. Neither she, the doctor, nor the village folk knew her history, and she became a neighborhood mystery, like the man on the hillside, known as “The Master’s brother who is strange,”—a mystery which grew so old that it ceased to be spoken of, and was accepted to be as established as the medical school itself. But as the brother drifted out of the Master’s daily life, the little girl grew into it, and her presence was

a joy to him. She was early told of the man, supposed to be a genius, who wasted his life on a work which he thought the world to be breathlessly awaiting.

The little Millicent could count the times she had crawled behind a bush to escape passing the ogre of her childish dreams, though his unseeing eyes, deep in thought, never rested upon her. She could appreciate how his rare approach into the village for meagre supplies was the signal of the disappearance of all children, though the elders would say, "and he would never lower his eyes to look at you unless 'twere to feel your skull." The small foundling reared among the medical men and slaves drank in gruesome tales told by both and believed by the latter. How he kept special ghosts to haunt the graveyards and bring all bodies to him—to keep them from falling into the clutches of the medical men—said the young doctors with a nudge or a sly wink or two.

Even now in her girlhood she heard, with curiosity and awe, of how his walls were covered with all parts of the skeleton, how they were festooned with skulls and arms and limbs, how he took the heaps of dry bones in the corners and, putting them together, could make skeletons and "haunts," which went on his errands. She heard of the big chest where he kept the specimens brought by the ghosts, and of the long table where he cut men's bodies to pieces. One day as they played together she had made her small chum, John Heywood, promise when he grew large enough to brave the terrors as the students sometimes did, to go and see it all for her, come back and tell her the truth. Now John Heywood, boyishly alert for adventure, had seen the inside of the Anatomist's

hut with its strange furnishings, and announced that half had not come to her. The young men sometimes stole surreptitiously to get a peep at the man, and came away, drawing a freer breath, thankful that this good old world had no more like him.

The Master had one night taken his students to a distant settlement where once more an epidemic was threatening. The cry had come up to the college for physicians, and again the physician, who could give lectures that will make him long famous, left a delicate, difficult experiment, and answered the call. He knew that in a little time it would be over and the explanation clear. That leaving it now meant many hours of work to be done again, but he went—he and his students with him. On a small scale it was just such a point which had thrown his brother's life away, and he could but remember his bitter words, "What does a life now and then matter to this?"

As he rattled along in his old fashioned chaise, the figure of a shrunken man appeared in the old cottage doorway, while up the wet, muddy walk, he could discern men's figures, toiling through the tangle, carrying a secret burden. Well, the Master knew from whence his brother's materials came, and a half smile played around his lips, for not without foundation had similar stories been laid at his own door. "In good time," the old man was saying. "Well done—all traces——" As he turned and lifted his head he spied his brother driving through the darkness along the road. The door slammed, shutting out the sound of the rapidly moving vehicle. But the pale light burned on through the night, as a pitiful, friendless, embittered man worked relentlessly for his goal.

Lately he had felt that his work was culminating; perhaps in a few days he would be master of the secret of Science!

Adding a link day by day, presently he would hold in his hand the chain that bound the mystery of life and death. Breathlessly and rapidly his skilled fingers kept at their work.

Across the low grounds below he heard the mad rush of a galloping horse, and a cynical smile came over his features. It reminded him of a midnight rider hurrying for a physician.

A shade of sadness might be detected. There was a loneliness coming over him that he could not work off. He had voluntarily shut off society, and yet he began to feel something akin to slight longing. It had welled up that day when he saw his great brother walking with his adopted daughter, happy as if there was no great work to do, as if men knew all!

In amazement he heard the flying hoof beats come up the hill. Yes, in his direction, along the path, and a startling knock roused him to action. Slowly he shoved back his work, took the single light in his hand, and answered the unusual summons. Outlined in the light was a woman's form.

He recognized Millicent, his brother's child, and a wave of fear came over him lest harm had come to the only one in the world who had any claim or attachment for him. He noticed the girl's white face, and her hands that gripped the door posts trembled. When he found voice after his amazement, the words came cuttingly, as they had done for ten years. "Well? Why am I so honored? Is it customary for young ladies to dash through the country at all hours of the night, to a gentleman's house?"

"I have come, sir, in the absence of all physicians, to ask your aid immediately. My father is away, and our friend, John Heywood, is ill—very ill. Won't you come at once?" He looked into her earnest eyes, yet answered, "Madam, I am not a practitioner; I am a specialist."

"You are needed as such, sir. He was hurt a short time ago beyond the graveyard bend, and unless instant attention is given——" She caught her breath with a start.

"But why did you come? It is not right that you should ride here at dead of night alone. Do not repeat the proceeding," he added fiercely.

Without hesitating she told him of her vain attempt to send a servant, how they were "frightened by stories and false tales."

"No, my dear madam, the truth—so I am an ogre, am I? My place is haunted, aye, too true. But I appreciate your coming when all help was gone. Desperation drives them to my door."

With a proud little tilt of her head, the girl kept on with her story. She gained confidence, and stepping inside the door, asked almost eloquently for what she had conquered all fears to gain. The old Anatomist became interested. He felt himself losing ground under the influence of her magnetism—so regardless of self or of him. Her genuineness drew him, her earnestness appealed to him, her very voice lulled the little unacknowledged ache. He realized it was his own doctrine—the power of mind over mind. It was the first call from the world that had reached him inwardly for ten years! Would he give up his years of work, his cherished ideas, in a night? If he went back now he might never gain the last step.

—But Millicent won her victory!

In the tavern at the village a group of friends huddled around the injured man, tense with anxiety, waiting for help. On the outside a man announced the “doctor’s” approach; he heard a hurried entrance in the yard, and to the house came a sight the village had never seen before. “Good God!” said the man. Speechless, he obeyed a move of the Anatomist’s hand, and lead the dark stranger to the sick room. A wide-eyed girl waited on the outside until the message came. “He says for you to come, he needs you.” Dazed, the discouraged group made way for for the two, and over John Heywood they worked together.

At dawn the whisper came, “The Master is coming, what will he say?”

But the Master looked not at Millicent, but deep into the eyes of his lost brother, as he silently grasped his hands.

MARY DUPUY.

A Vivid Personality.

WE seldom have the pleasure of knowing a person with so keen a love of life as Charles Dickens.

Those who have read appreciatively the works of Dickens will realize that no word can so fitly describe the man or his works as does the word vivid. With a strength of purpose and a determination to succeed, he believed in living intensely while he did live. His strength of purpose is shown in the manner in which he overcame the difficulties of his childhood. Charles being one of a large family, and the son of a poor man, naturally had a poor and insufficient education. Indeed he received his education from life rather than from books. One of his earliest ambitions was to be the owner, some day, of the beautiful homestead at "Gad's Hill." Often the "queer small boy" would walk up and down before the place and his father would tell him if he worked hard and was industrious, he might some day come to live in that very house. This prophecy was fulfilled, and the love of "Gad's Hill" lasted as long as his life.

At the age of sixteen, the boy Charles was taken from school and put to work in an attorney's office. Like his own David Copperfield, he labored hard and successfully to obtain facility as a shorthand writer, and finally he was engaged as a reporter in the House of Commons. Years afterward, at a dinner, he told his audience that the habits of his early life as a

reporter so clung to him that he never listened to a clever speech that his fingers did not mechanically and unconsciously go through the process of reporting it.

Dickens' power of doing hard work, both mental and physical, was nothing less than marvelous. At one time, he was running two serial novels besides conducting a monthly magazine. When he became a man of letters, his mornings were invariably spent at his desk. Sometimes, as we are told by his daughter, Mamie Dickens, after doing an incredible amount of work he would come to the table, eat in a mechanical way, and then return to his study to finish his work, without speaking a word. At such times, the talking of others did not seem to disturb him, though any sudden sound, as the dropping of a spoon or the clinking of a glass, would send a spasm of pain across his face. Perhaps his power to work is only equalled by his power to feel with and for people. To him, life was real and full of tremendous possibilities. In reading his books we see his love for all the good things of life: good society, good wine, good things to eat and to wear. Great was his love of fine clothes. Indeed he is accused of being foppish and over-dressed. His rings and diamond pins, his big watch chain, and his flashy waistcoat are often mentioned. But after coming to know and understand the man, it is easy to believe that it was not the love of all these things as such that Dickens indulged in; not so much the good wine, the extravagant dishes, the fine clothes, as it was the place these things had in his imagination. To him they were just a part of a full, rich, abounding, many sided life.

Here is a word picture of him drawn by one of his enthusiastic admirers: "In person, Dickens is, per-

haps, above the standard height, but his bearing noble and he appears taller than he really is. His figure is very graceful and his face handsome. The charm of his person, however, is his full, soft beaming eyes which catch an expression from every passing object, and you can always see wit half sleeping in ambush around them There is a rich vein of humor and good feeling in all that he says."

Dickens had an intense love for dramatic performances. It is not claimed that he was a very successful dramatist, but he had a skill in construction and a wonderful facility in contriving startling situations. He was one of the best amateur performers in England, his skill as an actor being derived from his ability to enter freely into all sorts of situations and feelings and make them real to an audience.

This talent of his was the source of much fun and merriment in his family. His daughter tells of how at Christmas time, he would turn his guests and the members of his family into actors and actresses, and infuse into them some of his own excitement and enthusiasm for the play.

At one time Dickens, together with a company made up of artists, actors, critics and editors, gave a play that was so well received and so thoroughly enjoyed by the public, that Queen Victoria sent a royal request (or command) that this unique company of amateurs should go to Windsor Castle and repeat the performance for her benefit. However, she received a polite intimation from Mr. Dickens, who acted as manager, that he and his friends were private gentlemen who could not perform in any house where they were not received on an equality with other guests. So they did not give the play at Windsor

astle. It was a long time before the Queen forgave the frank independence of Dickens' answer, but a few weeks before his death she showed her appreciation of him by personally inviting him to visit her at Windsor, offering to confer upon him any distinction was in her power to bestow.

Dickens had great power as a reader. His first reading was given for the benefit of a mechanics' institution which was deeply in debt. He stipulated that the price of admission should be such that every mechanic, if he chose, might come and hear him. He read the Christmas Carol, and the success of his performance foreshadowed the world-wide fame that was to be his in after years as a reader.

Though there was a cloud on Dickens' domestic life, a great cloud in the form of a separation from his wife, still, his home was not allowed to be an unhappy one. Mrs. Dickens' sister was almost all to the children that a mother could have been, and the love of the children for their father amounted almost to idolatry. The home at "Gad's Hill" was continually undergoing some alteration, and each change, which Dickens called his "latest improvement," was supposed to be the last. One of these improvements, the very last, in fact, was a conservatory, and Dickens took great pleasure in stocking it with his favorite blossoms.

Dickens spent his last days at "Gad's Hill," peacefully contented and happy. He had often expressed a desire for sudden death, and death came to him as he desired.

The Bishop of Manchester in speaking of him said, "He preached not in a church, nor in a pulpit but in a style and fashion of his own, a gospel, a

cherry, joyous, gladsome message which the people understood and by which they could hardly help being bettered. It was a gospel of kindness, of brotherly love, of sympathy in the widest sense of the word, of humanity."

The last words of his will read as follows: "I commit myself to the mercy of God through our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try and guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter, here or there."

Dickens had expressed a wish to be buried quietly near his home, but when it became known to his family that there was a general and very earnest desire that he should find his last resting place in Westminster Abbey, they could make no objection. In his will, Dickens expressed a wish that he be buried in an inexpensive and strictly private manner and so, though he was laid to rest in the grand old cathedral, it was done without pomp and ceremony. It is said that every person wearing a flower who visited the grave while it was open, threw it, by some instinctive feeling, into the grave of the great author. It is said, too, that every year on the ninth of June and on Christmas Day flowers are found strewn by unknown hands on the sacred spot.

BESSIE SAMPSON.

Spooners.

Up and down,
Through the town,
Together their walks they take.
'Mid woodlands green,
By the murmuring stream,
Their vows of love they make.

"Of all the rest
I love you best,"
They whisper soft and low.
"I promise you
To e'er be true
Till the stream shall cease to flow."

A dim room's meet
For a cosy retreat,
Where no prying eye may see.

"A lad and a lass,"
You naturally ask—
A-las(s) and a-las(s), ah, me!

B. M. G.

Dottie's Burglar.

STELLA HOWARD, where on earth have you been? Do you know, I've been sitting here, afraid to move, for the last half an hour? You may laugh, but, after what I have heard, I dared not stir from the room."

"Do calm yourself, Dottie, and tell me what has happened," Stella answered, slipping an arm around the little figure on the low window seat. "You were quietly reading when I went out a few minutes ago. Surely nothing very dreadful could have occurred in such a short time."

"Dreadful? Well, I should say so! Two men are plotting to break into this room tonight. I overheard them talking right under the window. One of the men pointed up here, and I distinctly heard him say, 'ropeladder!' Oh, Stella, what shall we do? I wish I had never seen this old school! I want to go home, I want to go ho-o-m-e!" she wailed, burying her face in Stella's convenient lap.

"Don't cry, Dottie," and the older girl smoothed the chestnut curls soothingly. "I hardly think any one would attempt a burglary in this small town. Perhaps you misunderstood what the man said."

Up came the tumbled curls with a jerk.

"I heard him as plainly as I hear you, Stella Howard, but I can't make you realize our danger, and I know we are going to be *murdered*!" she moaned.

“Whatever can be the matter with Dottiekins? Does she want to go ho-o-m-e?” mimicked a laughing voice from the doorway

Stella looked up in grief.

“Oh, Gertrude, come and see if you can comfort her. She declares she overheard some men plotting to break into the house tonight. Tell her about it, Dottie.”

With much dramatic effect, Dorothy tried to impress upon her room-mate the reality of their danger.

“You will tell the policeman, won’t you, Gertie?” she pleaded.

“What a lark! Tell the policeman! Not if I know it! This is the first chance Gertrude McPherson has ever had to be a heroine, and she doesn’t mean to let it slip, either. The Bon Air police shan’t have the glory of this capture, if I can help it!”

“But, Gertrude,—” Stella began.

“Now don’t say a word, Stella! You always object to my plans for adventure, and, if you interfere this time, I’ll never speak to you again! I’m going right down town and buy a pistol,” and the door slammed after her retreating figure.

The evening shadows had long since deepened into the chill winter’s night. Not a sound broke the stillness which hung about the old gray walls and massive pillars of Bon Air Seminary, and all of its inmates seemed wrapped in the oblivion of slumber. A twinkle of light, from an upper window, indicated an exception, however, and in this room three thoroughly frightened girls conversed in awe-stricken whispers. Two trunks were piled, one above the other, against the window, and in front of these stood

Gertrude McPherson, pistol in hand. On the third trunk sat Stella, armed with an old andiron which Dottie had rescued from the trash barrel, and in the middle of the floor that important young lady herself brandished a broomstick wildly.

"I shall go crazy with suspense, if this lasts much longer, Stella. I feel as if I must scream or do something desperate; I just can't stand it another minute!" and down went the broomstick, with a resounding thud.

"Do be quiet, Dottie,—listen!"

A sharp grating sound was distinctly audible.

"O-o-oh, he's throwing the rope up!" gasped Dottie. "I heard it scrape against the sill."

With the same impulse the three girls rushed toward the bed, and six trembling hands pushed it against the trunks. In her haste, Gertrude had dropped the pistol and now it was nowhere to be found.

"That is just like your carelessness, Gertie McPherson!" declared Dottie, "but suppose we are safe without it; you couldn't hit a barn door, if you tried! What geese we were to listen to you, anyway! I've a mind to go and call Mrs. Catesby, now."

"All right, old girl, if you can face the music, do it, but Gertie McPhearson means to stay in the background; she doesn't care to be frozen solid, tonight, by icy words rolling down from Her August Majesty: 'Young ladies, I am surprised at such childish behavior. Of course, you heard nothing of the kind. It is unpardonable in you to arouse me at this hour of the night!' No, girls, it won't do; we will have to think of some other way out of this difficulty."

“Go to bed, Dottie, dear; it is after three o’clock and you are worn out,” said Stella. “Gertrude and I will stay awake, and, if you like, will call you should we hear any unusual sound.”

“No need of that; I’ll awaken soon enough when the burglar comes breaking through the head of the bed !” and, with a sigh, poor little Dottie rolled over among the pillows and into the land of nod.

Stella and Gertrude resisted sleep bravely for a while but, overcome by fatigue, they soon followed Dottie, and a little later the red-faced sun peeped mockingly in at the three disheveled heads, and laughed as if he knew more than he cared to tell.

After roll-call that morning, Mrs. Catsby arose in her most impressive manner and tapped the bell, for silence.

“Girls,” she said, “for a long time we have thought that our arrangements for your safety, in case of fire, were inadequate, so we have at last decided to provide the girls of each room with an individual fire escape. This afternoon a rope ladder will be found in every room with full directions for adjusting it to the window ledge.”

In the pause which followed this startling announcement, three pairs of sleepy-looking eyes exchanged significant glances, and a ripple of laughter broke over three sadder but wiser faces.

The Relation of Language to Other Studies.

MR. McMURRY says, "Language is so vitally close to all other studies that it feels the heart-beat of them all." Certainly this is a clear and forceful statement, and one with which we are compelled to agree if we, in studying this question, have sought the truth.

If we carefully compare the old methods of teaching English and the results obtained from a school of today, where every lesson taught is or should be a strengthening of the English lesson, we must admit that the latter method is far ahead of the old one.

But why is this? Is it because the teachers and children of today have more brain-power than those of the old school? No, it is because the English lesson of today is not taught as a thing apart from the other studies. The child is not required to use correct language in the English lesson and in the very next hour allowed to disregard every rule of English expression in his geography or history class. He is required to make immediate use of the English lesson he has just learned, and to use his own tongue with ease, accuracy and force, both in the school-room and upon the play-ground.

Again, our schools are better supplied with material for language work than were the schools of years gone by. We have more works of literature,

history, and geography. These books are better written. The language is clear and forceful. It attracts the child's attention and he is compelled to see the difference between his own crude efforts at written work and those of the authors whom he likes best. This arouses his ambition and causes him to strive harder and, of course, more successfully in his future efforts.

The study of any modern school curriculum will show us that great stress is laid upon the correlation of the English works of that school with the other work.

You may say that you admit the close relation of English with these subjects, but that there are disadvantages.

What are they but the disadvantages which follow any subject which is not correctly taught? You think that in supplying the child with material from nature study, literature, geography, and history, for his English lesson, you limit him in originality. But is this necessarily true? Are there not many different ways of looking at, and expressing views upon these subjects? What is originality but the forming of new opinions about old things, and the working over of old matter in a new form? Therefore the child has all the opportunity needed for the play of his originality and imagination.

Another disadvantage met with is the correlation of these studies under different teachers. Each teacher is not properly familiar with all the studies in the curriculum. The English teacher, instead of strengthening the studies from which she gets her material, may weaken them by her ignorance of their underlying principles. Again the teacher of geog-

raphy, unless she is perfectly familiar with the English outline of study for her grade, and unless she also knows and perfectly sympathizes with the aims of the English teacher, may do great harm instead of the good she might do the child.

The advantages in this relation of English to other studies are twofold. The related subjects not only furnish material to the English lesson, but they also give opportunities in which the English lesson, just learned, may be applied. This last advantage is to my mind the most important. We well know that the true test of knowledge is the application of it, and nowhere is this more clearly seen than in language. Language, of all studies, is the one for use by a living person, and for application in a constantly changing world.

When we have become old our deficiency in history or geography may not cause us or our friends much concern. But certainly our language, if it were not what it should be, would cause sorrow to our friends if not to ourselves.

The proper study of language as related to other studies, gives the child a much greater proficiency in those studies.

The teacher, who has her material ready for the English lesson, saves the time she would have spent in hunting this up, and uses it in solving the knotty problem in her school room. The school in which English is taught as closely related to all other studies, need never fear for its lack of development.

The community, though it be a large and ignorant one, can but feel the influence of the school in which this correlation is carried out. Last, but most vital of all, the nation that has such schools is and always will be the foremost in the world's civilization and progress. Such a nation as this let us try to make and keep our America of the future.

GERTRUDE DAVIDSON, '07.

A Catechism for Civil Engineers and Landscape Gardeners.

WHAT is a sidewalk ?

A sidewalk is 'a solid trough for the convenient conveyance of mud.

What is a lagoon ?

A lagoon is a body of water surrounded by planks, stepping stones and bad language.

What is a terrace ?

A terrace is a slope of earth supplying alluvial cushions for foot-sore pedestrians.

What is a grade ?

A grade is an inclined plane of earth sloping the wrong way.

What is a curbing ?

A curbing is a long, slender elevation of concrete made for tiny feet to step on to save shoe polish.

What is a gutter ?

A gutter is an elongated receptacle for the collection of debris suitable for the repair of the sidewalk.

What is the earth ?

The earth is a pedestal supporting a house of mirth nestled in a vale of tears.

A Tale of a Rat.

Did you ever leave your home and friends
And go to Normal School?
If you did, you've had experiences
That made you play the fool,
And though you never told them,
They've been found out, don't you see.
So now to have a little fun review a few with me.

How about that time at chapel
You heard Mr. Jarman say,
"Please as many girls as possible matriculate today!"
Now you never in your life had heard
That long word used before,
And you thought you'd give a hundred

Could you leave for evermore.
And that morning that you left your room
To hurry 'round to "gym,"
You felt so funny in your suit
Your face was all a grin,
And you heard the teacher order you,
"Please move your trunk," she said.
"It hasn't come," you answered her—
Then wished that you were dead.

Then the night that you got homesick,
So you thought that you would call
On the girls that were so nice to you
And lived across the hall.

Just "their crowd" was sitting 'round a box
And eating with a vim,
And all looked up at you and said,
"That rat is butting in."

Now you shouldn't be offended 'cause
I've told these jokes on you,
For you know, O gentle reader, that
The cap may fit me too.
For show me the girl that ever
Left this Normal with no trace
In her memory of the first week
That she landed in this place.

Editorial.

June.

The lily has an air
 And the snowdrops a grace,
 And the sweet pea a way,
 And the heart's-ease a face,—
 Yet there's nothing like the rose
 When she blows. —Rossetti.

Needed: An Athletic Association.

The subject of play has been well discussed in the Education class and in the *Seminar*. The Seniors know why play is needed in man's life, and how it helps both mind and body. They have carefully calculated the proportions of work and recreation for a day, and one would expect them to be model students. But, alas, many of them do not play at all. They have the theory, but do not practice it. Nor is this need of play confined to the Seniors alone. All through the school we find girls who need more recreation, more fun. They need to realize that to do full justice to their work they must have some time for relaxation of both mind and body. Many say that they do not play because they have no place for their games. There is only one small court which is used for both basket ball and tennis, and four hundred girls cannot play on that.

Perhaps we have never tried very hard to get other courts. What we need is more systematized

effort. An athletic association would help us. The girls in the school who are interested in games, particularly outdoor sports, should form an organization to promote the athletic spirit. We should elect officers that the meetings might be conducted properly, and that some one might be responsible for the work of the association, for the old adage about every body's business holds good in athletics as elsewhere. We believe that the teachers also would join this association, because they, too, are interested in these healthful sports. A yearly fee of possibly fifty cents should be charged for the purpose of keeping up the grounds.

Granted that we have the demand for the games, and the money in view with which to keep up the grounds, our next step is to secure the courts. At the rear of the buildings there is ground enough for three tennis courts, and it would also be possible to enlarge the court we already have for basketball. And why should not girls play basketball out-of-doors? The value of the game is increased tenfold when played in the open air.

A committee from the athletic association should be sent to the president of the school to tell him of our plans and ask him for the grounds. We believe if the matter was brought to his attention, he would be willing to give the girls what they need to carry out their plans.

The athletic association should be organized this spring that the grounds may be cleared and laid off during the summer, and the balls and racquets ordered. Everything should be in order so the members of the association may begin in earnest in the fall.

"Hitch your wagon to a star," but while you are selecting the star don't lose the hitching strap.

The Virginian. "An entertainment will be given in the auditorium tonight for the benefit of the annual," read the President in chapel the other day. "Everything is for the annual," sighed one girl, "I hope the next play will be for the benefit of the audience!" But we noticed that she was at the play that night. Probably, like most of the girls in the school, she wished to help the annual, for the *Virginian* is a matter of interest to all of them. Perhaps more school spirit is shown when the Senior class begins to work on it than at any other time during the year. The classes are organized, mottoes and colors are chosen, pictures are taken, and the girls are drawn more closely together.

This year the editors offered prizes for the best poem and story. The greatest interest has centered in the contest, and a number of poems and stories were entered in competition. The prizes were awarded to Bessie Sampson for the poem, "Butterflies," and to Flora Thompson for the story, "How Clara Was Conquered."

As this is the Exposition number of the *Virginian*, the editors have put forth special effort to make it attractive. The cover is made in the school colors, blue and white, and the editors feel especially proud to have the beautiful seal of our State stamped on it. The literary matter is bright, interesting, and well-written. The things of local importance are so presented as to be of interest even to outsiders, and some clever pictures of school life are given. There are several drawings in color, and the frontispiece was made by Thomas Mitchell Pierce.

“Great lives have purposes: others have wishes.”

“**Mr. Can If** We Senior B’s will soon pass out from
Mr. Will. the sheltering walls of Alma Mater to
 the great wide world beyond. We wel-
 come with gladness the new vista it opens up to us. There each girl intends to work out the purpose that she has set for herself in life. Few girls leave S. N. S. without a definite end in view. We are proud of this fact. Where could we look for a more splendid protection in life than a great purpose? There is that engendered in a strong, unwavering, lofty aim that attracts to it the helpful things and repels all others. When the mind is set on the higher things; when we have in us that longing for the larger, fuller life; when we have doggedly determined to climb up in the world, the baser things are shut out—there is no room for them.

We have often heard it said that in straining after great things, we overlook the little things of life that are necessary to the end in view. It is quite true and we acknowledge it, that youth is impetuous; and that though we would, we cannot reach the great things of life by leaps and bounds. But we can use those little things as stepping stones and let us not forget to step! Keep stepping.

Let our ambition be to do great things. Let us resolve not to wear out our patience and nerves to a frazzle by pursuing and chasing down little things. Let our motto, “We can, if we will,” be ever a source of inspiration to us. We can never hope to get great things out of ourselves unless we expect great things of ourselves. Few of us realize how much it lies within us to become great. Our ambitions

color our whole life. If things are dull and subdued so is our life dull and subdued—just a neutral tint in this great brilliant world, so full of life and sparkle.

How can the mind expand and reach out after the things beyond, when it is tied down to earth by some petty ambition? Let us link to our purpose in life a high ambition. Let us heep ourselves up to the standard, ready for action. Above all else let our ambition be, to be useful. Let us have within us the passion to do good to humanity. By lifting up ourselves let us lift up those around us. That in our work we may be loyal, brave and unswerving to the end. “We can, if we will.”

“There is a difference between a wish and a dogged resolution, between desiring to do a thing and determining to do it.”

Our Reading Table.

THE MAKING OF MEDICINES.

HARPER'S MONTHLY has had a series of articles under the head of "The Chemistry of Commerce," which have been prepared by Robert Kennedy Duncan, professor of industrial chemistry in Kansas University. One of the most interesting of these papers is the one in the April copy on "The Making of Medicines."

The one hundred and thirty-five thousand physicians, practicing in America today, do not make one jot of the medicine they prescribe—they merely prescribe. Nor do the thirty-five thousand druggists, filling these prescriptions, make any of these medicines either, they simply dispense. These medicines are made by organizations known as "manufacturers of pharmaceutical preparations." All of the medicine used in this country comes, practically speaking, from some such shop as this.

The most arduous training is required of both the physician and the druggist, before the one may prescribe, and the other dispense these drugs. The manufacturer of these remedies need only "hang out his sign." No training is deemed legally necessary for him to carry on his business.

Pills and tablets are turned out of machines by the millions, and other agents are made, on a magnificent scale, in gross.

Drugs come from all parts of the world—from frozen Siberia, from dark forests of Brazil, from “the greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever trees;” and from “Silken Samarkand.” Almost everywhere they are gathered by barbarous people, who are, of necessity, the very lowest of the earth’s inhabitants. In one single variety of medicinal plant, there may be variations among the individual specimens, as regards the amount of activity it contains. We may add to this the fact that the per cent of curative agent the plant possesses depends upon the amount of sunshine it receives, the time of year it is gathered, the amount of moisture, the elevation of the land, and the character of the soil. It is little wonder then that the amount of “medicine” in these gathered plants ranges from the maximum to nothing at all.

The firm has a testing department which is the pride of its heart. First comes the chemical test. But chemistry even at its best cannot be used to assay active principles of any drug whatever. These superactive principles are of such delicate texture that they break down under analysis. Therefore the physiological standardizing must be called into use.

Digitalis has a powerful influence over the heart, and in order to standardize it a dog is experimented on. The animal is anesthetized and its heart is placed in a little clamping instrument, which registers every movement in the shape of a curve upon a rotating smoked cylinder.

Another such substance is strophanthus. The strength of this drug is estimated by finding out the least possible dose that will prove fatal to a frog of definite weight. A frog weighing from fifteen to seventeen grams is killed by a dose of .00016 of a

gram, but had .00015 of a gram been given him he would have lived.

There is adrenalin which bids fair to become the most valued styptic known to the surgeon. It comes from glands which lie near the kidneys. If a small quantity of this is injected in the veins, it causes an astonishing increase in the blood pressure. It has the power to check hemorrhages and bleedings of any kind. It admits of bloodless operations, thus enabling the surgeon to do more finished work than ever before.

Then there are a whole series of the hypnotics. The ideal hypnotic is one which would induce a normal sleep without the heavy intoxication produced by the present hypnotics. Nearly all these sleep remedies are heart *depressants*. Suppose a man is very ill and cannot sleep; the physician knowing that he *must* sleep, and seeing some remedy advertised in his favorite medical journal, he determines to try it. Let us call it, say, *idealone*, and this *idealone* turns out to be a severe heart-depressant, and under its influence the man sleeps, and the physician does not wake him because he cannot, and soon the man changes his bed for one on the hillside.

And thus we might go on though the whole catalogue of the fifty thousand compounds known to organic chemistry.

But we cannot stop without paying some attention to the coal-tar barrel. When it was found that in coal-tar there existed many substances that could be used as the basis for building up almost numberless aniline dyes, then the manufacturer of drugs began to search the tar barrel also. As a result every day sees the introduction of some new remedies, built up

by synthesis from the coal-tar base. These experiments are sent out to the people and he is a lucky man who, in the hands of an eminent specialist, or practitioner, knows whether he is being experimented on or not.

LUCY A. WARBURTON.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for April there is a very interesting article entitled, "The Ideal Teacher," by George Herbert Parker. This should be especially interesting to those who expect to be, or are, teachers. As we read it we begin to understand and to realize what being a teacher really means. So many of us regard it as something to be taken lightly and as something which does not need careful preparation.

We are told in the article that a fifth of our entire population in America is constantly at school. This being the case, the teacher touches more lives than any one else. "A charge so influential is committed to nobody else in the community, not even to the minister." There is no human excellence which is not useful to a teacher and no good quality which a teacher can afford to drop.

There are four characteristics which a teacher must possess in order to attain success:

"First, he must have an aptitude for vicariousness; and second, an already accumulated wealth; and third, an ability to invigorate life through knowledge; and fourth, a readiness to be forgotten. Having these, any teacher is secure. Lacking them, lacking even one, he is liable to serious failure."

These characteristics of a good teacher seem well nigh impossible to a young teacher, but when we

begin we cannot hope to have all the wealth of knowledge which we can only secure by experience and constant effort.

“The teacher’s task is not primarily the acquisition of knowledge, but the impartation of it,—an entirely different thing. We teachers are forever taking thoughts out of our minds and putting them elsewhere. So long as we are content to keep them in our possession, we are not teachers at all What constitutes the teacher is the passion to make scholars.”

A teacher must have imagination, and a good one, so that he can enter into the lives of others which otherwise would be dull, dark, and unintelligible. Imagination is defined as “the sympathetic creation in ourselves of conditions which belong to others.”

Vicariousness is closely akin to imagination, being the ability to swiftly put one’s self in the weak one’s place and bear his burden. This is often the case when a class fails; it is the teacher’s fault. He lacked vicariousness.

“The teacher’s habit is well summed up in the Apostle’s rule, ‘Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.’ ” And this habit should become as nearly as possible an instinct A true teacher is always meditating his work, disciplining himself for his profession, probing the problems of his glorious art, and seeing illustrations of them everywhere. In only one place is he freed from criticism, and that is in his classroom.”

Then, besides his aptitude for vicariousness, our ideal teacher needs the already accumulated wealth. This does not mean money but riches of the mind, and we must add to our store little by little for “many a mickle makes a muckle.” If we depend upon the

mere knowledge of the bare subject we happen to be teaching at the time, the pupil feels that we are afraid of the field outside our one little plot of ground, and he does not have confidence in us.

Perhaps the hardest of all the necessary characteristics is the fourth. So few of us are willing to be forgotten. We work that we may not be forgotten but may be remembered by what we have done. A true teacher must not live for himself, but for his pupil and for the truth which he imparts.

We begin to suspect that what we thought so easy is really hard and that it is impossible to be a good teacher, but we must keep on and give to others of our knowledge by devoting ourselves to this most universal profession.

U. M. C. A. Notes.

THE EASTER meeting was particularly good, and several of the papers deserve special mention.

Nellie Moreland, the leader, told of "The Importance of the Resurrection," while Grace Beale spoke of "The Certainty of the Resurrection." Miss Minor sang a solo: "Allelujah, He is Risen," after which the choir rendered special music. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."

Over three hundred dollars has been raised for the building fund since February. The pledges made two years ago for this fund will be redeemable this spring, so we feel very much encouraged over the progress of the work along this line.

The mission study class is making preparation to give a bazaar some time this month for the benefit of missions.

Another new feature in arousing interest in the association is the posting of daily thoughts on the bulletin. This bulletin is placed just outside the entrance to chapel. So the students have an opportunity to read these thoughts before beginning the day's work. These practical suggestions prove a great power for good in helping a girl through the perplexities and worries of the day. Her thoughts are unconsciously raised to a higher plane. Those with whom she comes in contact cannot but feel the elevating influence of her character, and respond to it.

Thus the whole tone of the school receives a moral uplift.

God lays upon every one of his children the duty of being sunshiny and joyous; a day begun in that spirit, therefore, is a day begun right; and a day begun in any other spirit will have to be begun over again or it will be a failure. Some one gives this sound advice: "Be pleasant every morning until ten o'clock; the rest of the day will take care of itself." Gloom and joylessness are simple downright disloyalty to him who is the Light of the world. That homely morning recipe is only another way of saying, "Begin the day with Christ, and the whole day will go easier."

—*Sunday School Times.*

Alumnae Notes.

THERE was a meeting of the local Alumnae held in the auditorium Saturday, March the thirtieth, for the purpose of making arrangements for the Alumnae reunion to be held in June. Mrs. Boatwright, president, and Mrs. Josie Woodson, secretary and treasurer, both of Lynchburg, were present. In addition to these were: Misses Jennie Tabb, Vennie Cox, Maude Wicker, Alice Paulett, Edith Duvall, Natalie Lancaster, Helen Blackiston, Carrie Sutherlin, Mary Clay Hiner, Eva Heterick, Lulie Morton, Annie Hawes Cunningham, Mrs. J. Luckin Bugg, and Mrs. Putney.

The committee of arrangements appointed for the June meeting were: Misses Vennie Cox, Grace Walton, and Edith Duvall.

Miss Flora Thompson, president of the June class, was present, by order of the Association, to assist in making these arrangements.

Maude Mason ('06), of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore, spent Easter at her home, Mattoax, Va.

Robbie Berkeley ('96), now Mrs. Wallace Burnet, after spending several months with her mother at Farmville, Va., has returned to her home, Washington, D. C., much improved in health.

Charlotte Wray ('97) and May Lildre ('01), are teaching in Newport News, Va.

Mrs. W. L. Cooke, formerly Martha Turner ('98), is living in Hampton, Va.

Missie Mease ('98) has a position as governess, Southern Pines, N. C.

Mrs. Brooke, known here as Belle Mears, ('98), is teaching in the public school, Phoebus, Va.

Pearl Watterson ('01) is principal of a school in McDowell, W. Va.

Janie Williams ('01) is teaching near Diana Mills, Va.

Grace Elcan ('01) is teaching at Curdsville, Va.

Hessie Chernault ('01) and Nellie Peek ('03) are teaching in the public schools of Hampton, Va.

Linda McClung is doing primary work in Brownsburg Academy.

Mary Rives Daniel ('03), who has been doing office work in Suffolk, Va., has accepted a call to fill a vacancy in the public school there.

Mildrid Cook ('03) is assistant secretary of the Y. W. C. A., Danville, Va.

Janie Crute ('05) is head of the music department in a college in Wartrace, Tenn.

Calva Watson ('05) is teaching in Buckingham County.

Daisy Foster ('03) is teaching in Roanoke, Va.

School of Experience.

IN THE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

IN GIVING a short sketch of the work done by the blind children of our State, in the school at Staunton, it would be impossible to convey to one who has never come in contact with these marvelous little people an idea of all the wonders accomplished by them.

Before going into their work, stop for an instant and think what it would mean to you to be in total darkness, never to have seen, to have depended all your life on loving hands at home to do everything for you, and to have been brought up with the idea that if blind you are necessarily helpless; then think what it would mean to be taken to school and placed in a strange building where you dare not move a step for fear of falling, where every voice is strange and you are taught from the beginning that you must do for yourself. Think of the utter helplessness of a little six-year-old child under such circumstances! This is the ordinary view taken by the uninitiated, but just live for a while with these little folks and you cease to think of them as different from any other children.

Of course for a few days they are awfully homesick and lonely, but think of the grown girls, blessed with all their senses, who actually leave school on account of homesickness.

After a few days the little new pupil in the School for the Blind begins to feel thoroughly at home

and becomes as merry as you please with her companions who have been to school before, and it is sweet indeed to see the older pupils "mothering" the little ones. In the girls' department each grown pupil assumes the partial care of one of the small children and looks out for her just as an older sister would.

As students the blind are always exceptionally good; they are eager for knowledge, and when at work give their whole attention to the matter in hand, not being distracted as are seeing children.

Their sense of touch becomes marvelously delicate; some of the blind can distinguish colors by the touch, and I knew personally one who in her childhood could read through a silk handkerchief four double the raised type used by them. It is a fact not generally known that in learning to read the blind use only one finger (I have heard them call it their educated finger), and some of them find it impossible to read with any other; this educated finger is the first or second of the right hand.

Of course, from the very beginning, the work of the blind children is largely mental work, and their memories are wonderful. One feature of the Commencement exercises is the classes in Arithmetic, and I have seen a girl of sixteen stand before an audience of several hundred people and dictate to the teacher as rapidly as he could write, working long examples in Arithmetic and Algebra, even extracting cube-root, and never a mistake! And they are as quick at working Physics problems and even Geometry as any students I ever saw. Of course for Geometry they have to have the figures raised so that they can follow the outline, but the rest of the work is mental. Within

comparatively the last few years the work of the blind has been greatly facilitated by the invention of the point type system of printing and writing. By this means they can write to each other and even take down notes in music. Think of the patience and perseverance required to learn a difficult piece of music where the right hand has to read the part for the left hand until that is learned, then vice versa, and finally to put the two together. To one who has lived with these children it seems almost a sin for bright girls, blessed with their sight and hearing, to complain of work being hard or lessons being long!

In the Virginia School for the Deaf and the Blind each pupil is required to learn some trade. Those open to the boys are mattress making, broom making, caning chairs, and tuning pianos; the girls are taught to knit, crochet, make fancy bead work, and of late years, all the blind are learning typewriting. There is a splendid glee club, mandolin and guitar club, and full orchestra.

There is at the school a man of about fifty years of age who was brought there as a pupil during the Civil War. Having no relatives and no one to take care of him, "Billy" has stayed on and makes himself generally useful about the place; although totally blind, he carries the mail to and fro, (making his report at the end of the year as to the number of letters that pass through his hands), does numerous errands about town, freezes ice-cream, churns, shells beans and helps the little boys with their work. As a pastime "Billy" has committed to memory three of Shakspeare's plays, Hamlet, Julius Cæsar, and As You Like It. His chief delight is to "repeat Shakspeare for you" and he always asks where you want him to begin; if

you suggest the third scene of the second act of Hamlet, he begins very much more promptly than an ordinary mortal would who had to hunt up the place. In summer "Billy" goes drumming for the mattress shop, taking in all the country within a radius of ten miles around Staunton.

Of course the blind learn voices just as we learn faces, and let them once know your voice and step and it is almost impossible to deceive them afterwards.

The exhibit from this school at the Exposition will be a very interesting one, and during the month of June the mandolin and guitar club will be there, as well as the orchestra, to entertain visitors to the booth.

The time of these young folks is by no means given wholly to work; many an hour is spent in play and recreation. The little folks amuse themselves jumping rope, playing hide-and-seek, rolling hoop (if the hoop gets away and rolls off, you will see a little mite of six or seven lean his head over in the direction in which it went and when it falls walk as straight to it as if he saw it); the older students have their literary societies, the debating contests, and they even go so far as to give plays to which the faculty and students are invited.

Though shut in, the blind are usually happy and of remarkably bright dispositions; it is a great mistake to think that they are morbid and discontented. They see the sunny side of life and, like the psalmist of old, "they serve the Lord with gladness."

J. M.

A LETTER FROM UTAH.

My dear girls:

Having been requested to relate some of my experiences while in the West, I hardly know which would interest you. No doubt, most of you have read sufficiently about the Mormons during the Smoot case, and would prefer something about the Indians.

The first Sunday that I spent in Utah, there being no church to attend, a party of friends took me to see the coyote or tea dance of the Indians, danced on the prairie. It was growing late when we reached there and a number of the dancers were resting, but four or five were still dancing and making wild gestures to an old blackened teapot which was placed before them on the ground. Each dancer wore around his waist and loins a "ghee string" of buckskin, handsomely embroidered with many hued quills and iridescent beads. To this was fastened a long train of feathers that swept the ground behind him. In his hair were eagle feathers, on his feet were beautifully beaded moccasins. The remainder of his body was nude and appeared as if hewn from bronze. The musicians pounded upon an immense drum an accompaniment to their plaintive "Hi-yi-yah! hi-yah-hi!" to which the dancers gracefully leaped and sprang in perfect time. The leader of the dance closed it, by pouring out and tasting the tea and pouring it back into the pot. Then came the feast. Biscuit, sliced beef and soup were passed to all, ourselves included, but we declined. Dish pans were used as trays and a large tin can for a soup tureen while one tin cup served as soup dish for fifty or more Indians. The feast being ended, they quickly dispersed in all directions across the prairie to their

homes and "tepees." — A road is only a convenience an Indian when it is the most direct way to the place he wishes to go.—The whole affair was novel to me. It seemed as if I had been transported to the primeval days. The most modern thing in their use was an old torn and tattered flag of our country, floating from a pole placed in the midst of their dancing circle. To me it seemed to have been placed there in derision of Uncle Sam's attempts to enlighten the Red man.

The day following, the Indians received one of their annual payments from the government. One of my brothers was "Indian Trader" (merchant) at White Rocks Agency. I went into his store to see the Indians make purchases. He and his clerks were so rushed that I assisted them. Most of the Indians could speak English brokenly but they kept me guessing, for they enjoyed having strangers do that. I sold them vests, trousers, hats, shoes, ribbons and perfumes, of which they are very fond. One man and his squaw(wife) came to me saying something about "abbats." "You will find apples on the other side," I replied. He smiled, shook his head and said "kutch" (no). Brother came—he wanted shoes for his boy (äbbäts).

Some time after this I was appointed teacher at the Ouray Indian Boarding School. In beginning my work there, the superintendent told me not to feel discouraged if the pupils refused to talk because it was not unusual for them to go days before speaking to a stranger. This trouble I did not experience at all. In fact a number of the pupils were very loquacious. One little boy, with a twinkle in his soft black eyes, said, "Miss Mease my teekaboo" (friend). This expressed the relationship that always existed between my

brown pupils and me. The pupils were divided into two sections. While one section was in the school room, the other was being trained in the industrial departments. "Uncle Sam" provides well for his Red children. Plenty of clothing, food and books were kept in store. The children were generally happy, sang (songs from Gospel Hymns) when at work and were quick to learn as the "Merikat children," as they would sometimes call white girls and boys. They are very confiding and depend so entirely upon the counsel of their teachers that one soon becomes very much attached to them. I was fortunate while there in having for a companion Miss Lucy Carter, from near Richmond, who is a missionary on the Ute Reservation and a charming young woman. My work there was enjoyable, but my brother wished me to discontinue it and I resigned. While preparing to leave a number of girls and boys came to my room and sang "God Be With You." One of the boys said, "Miss Mease, I don't feel happy, do you?" Some hid to avoid giving me good-bye, some cried, others stood on the porch and waved farewell until I passed from their sight carrying with me sweet memories of my stay with them.

The two great dances of the Utes are the bear and sun or buffalo dance. The bear dance is held in the early spring and is the only one in which the women dance. Their "ball dresses" are mostly of buckskin, handsomely embroidered in beads and are very costly. The maidens are allowed to choose their partners, and if a white man be chosen and accepts the dance, he is supposed to pay her for the honor. At this dance a great many men choose their wives. It is still customary for women to be sold as wives. If a suitor is rejected and he can produce horses, blankets

and money to sufficiently satisfy the avarice of the father, he gets the maiden, generally. The missionaries were working hard to overcome this, and two couples had been properly married in the church, by the bishop. But I am digressing.

The sun or buffalo dance is held during the full moon of July. This is the greatest of the dances, a worship of the sun. All the Indians of the Ute and Uncompaligre reservation are there, besides numbers from Idaho, Colorado and New Mexico. To see their tents in the distance, it looks like an encampment of a mighty army, but upon nearer approach it differs because of the many women, children, cats and dogs. All except a few of the school boys and girls are in Indian attire and have their faces painted. The dancing ground is circular with a very tall pole planted in the center. On the top of this pole is placed an imitation of the sun while as far up as one can reach it is bedecked with many offerings among which is always placed a mounted buffalo head. Bordering the dancing ground are as many booths or stalls as there are dancers. These are made of the leaves and branches of the trees and are leafy bower, in which the dancer places his bedding. Here he rests when exhausted by the dance. There are generally from seventy-five to one hundred dancers, with their bodies most hideously painted, for he who is most hideous is considered the handsomest. Nothing but a feathered head dress, ghee string and beaded moccasins adorned their bodies. The dance is opened just at sunset by speeches and many songs from the old warriors and a chorus by the dancers, made by blowing shrill notes through an eagle's quill which each dancer carries. For three "suns" and three

"sleeps" they dance without eating or drinking. Back and forth they leap and spring to the plaintive song of the men and women, always looking at, and making suppliant gestures to the sun. The heat is greater than their power of endurance and many fall exhausted before the third day. But the few who have the strength to keep up until the end are the honored of their tribes and objects of the deepest adoration. Beautifully painted horses, fine animals, are presented to them. By their fasting and prayers to the sun they have been endowed with the power of endurance and healing, and are destined to become great "medicine men." Eloquent speeches are again made, peace pipes are smoked with the visiting tribes. Supplications have been made during the dance for the return of the buffalo that he may again roam over the prairies as of old. And they part, no doubt, with many happy thoughts of the future. But the Indian race, like the buffalo, is fast fading away. His last hunting grounds are in a region of our country that is impressively wild and picturesque. The Red man will have passed into oblivion before the glory of the scenes they now dwell in will be eclipsed in grandeur.

Very sincerely yours,

M. MEASE.

SOME THINGS MY PUPILS TAUGHT ME.

Experiences? Oh, yes! I had more than I can ever tell you about. But, for this time you may hear some answers taken from examination papers, etc.

Geography brought forth the most astounding facts. I am sure that Tarr and McMurray will want

to use some of these explanations in their future editions.

This very original explanation of change of seasons was taken from the writing of a red-headed, freckle-faced, pigeon-toed boy:

"Summer is when winter is far away and summer is close, and when winter is close by summer is far away. Spring is when summer is coming and fall is when summer is going."

The same boy defines the three states of matter thus:

1. "A solid is something that is solid all through."

2. "Water is a liquid. It won't go all over a room."

3. "A gas is something that will fill a large room. A gas is a lamp if you will leave it burning all night and by morning the room will be full of gas."

This is another of his definitions:

"A map is something to tell where states and cities are, how far you can go on the train and where you can go."

One little girl, whose father is a Ph. D., when asked for the industries of man, not intending that her father's profession should be slighted, gave, "Agricultural, mining, lumbering, fishing, and teaching."

One pupil informed me that the "earth turns on its *axle*."

The following is an extract from a composition describing "winter sports": "When we play snow-ball each one looks out for themselves."

These are just a few of the things I learned. The next time I write shall tell you about five of the brightest little fellows who ever learned how letters talk.

ALICE PAULETT.

“What Fools These Mortals Be.”

BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

The world is old, yet likes to laugh;

New jokes are hard to find.

A whole new editorial staff

Can't tickle every mind;

So if you meet some ancient joke

Decked out in modern guise

Don't frown and call the thing a fake.

Just laugh—don't be too wise.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

EVEN IN THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

Teacher to tardy pupil—Now sit here and write
“I am late” till I tell you to stop.

Child, after writing three pages—Please, Miss, is
this going to the Jamestown Exposition?

M-l-d-r-d T-c-k-r—Miss L., how do you know
that line was bisected in the middle?

Pupil—Miss S., is it true that frogs sleep longer
than eighteen months.

Miss S-n-w—No, they never sleep longer than
eighteen months.

Town girl, reading the bulletin board—Goodness,
Miss Mary White Cox must have lost every thing she
has.

Dr. M-l-l-g—All of the young ladies who are
absent will please give me their excuses this afternoon.

Ruth—"Oh, wall, show me thy chink, etc."

Polly—That's from Hamlet, isn't it?

Ruth—No, Midsummer Night's Dream.

Polly—Oh, well, I know, but I meant Hamlet said it.

W-r t D-v-d-s-n—Well, the quartette has just got to sing a solo.

Teacher in Physics—What force holds the bricks in the wall?

C-m-p-b-l B-r-k-l-y —Mortar.

F-l-s-e R-w-l-n-g-s—Palestrina perfected polygamy.

Polly—I am going around and tell T. that joke on you.

Mag—Well, she's not at home.

Polly—That's quite a slick rouge.

Mag—You old idiot, it's ruse you are trying to say. Rouge is something you use to get pretty.

Polly—Well, it means exactly the same thing for rouge is something you put on your face to fool people. Don't you believe me? Get the dictionary.

Local Editor—What do they have editorials for anyway?

Editor-in-Chief—To fill up a lot of unnecessary space that nobody ever looks at.

Miss W-n-s-t-n—Now, what is the color of this piece of blue glass.

A GEOGRAPHICAL REASON.

First Smitten—Do you know I believe W-r-t-'s room is the hottest one in the building.

Second Smitten—Well, that's quite natural since the sun rises and sets in there.

First B. after attending a literary society meeting on David Copperfield—"Dorcas is willin'."

THE NEXT MORNING.

Miss Afraid-of-rats—I got so scared last night I turned on the light and left it on about two hours.

Room-mate—Did you turn on that light? You horrid old thing, you know I can't sleep with the light on.

Newly-wed, looking in his wife's bureau drawer.
—“With all thy false I love thee still.”

TENNIS WIT.

Mr. B-d-g-d—Ow! that ball hit me on the neck.

Mr. M-t-t-n—Did you expect it to rebound from the rubber.

What ails the maids of second A,
Who droop and pine so wistfully?
They earnestly “do” Long that they
May Bidgood bye to history.

FROM OTHER MAGAZINES.

Hello, Jack, is Tommy in the house?

'Course he is; don't you see his shirt on the line?

Mrs. J.—That boy's a budding genius.

Mr. J.—Yes, but when he grows up he'll be a blooming idiot.

In answer to the question, “Did the Psychological experiment prove anything?” we find, “It proved satisfactory.”

“When a fire goes out where does it go?”

The monkey asked the ape,

“Can't say,” said the ape, “yet many's the time I've seen a fire escape.”

Teacher—Is there any connection between mind and matter?

Small boy—Sure, if a boy doesn't mind there'll be something the matter.

Locals.

THE girls have begun to play basketball out of doors although the court is not quite finished.

The last match game of basketball has been played. The Lavenders are champions and the Whites have second place.

Arrangements have been made to organize an athletic association in this school. Ruth Redd has been elected president, Wirt Davidson secretary, and Virginia Nelson treasurer. We will ask the State for more ground and we expect them to give us enough for basketball and tennis courts.

The first honor in the June class was awarded to Elizabeth Edwards and the second to Flora Thompson.

The buildings are all finished now and most of the walks laid and they have begun to level off the yard. We hope in the near future to have real live grass all over the campus.

Mr. Cox has moved into his new home across the street from school.

Dr. W. M. Forrest, of the University of Virginia, will preach the baccalaureate sermon, June 2.

Dr. W. S. Currell, of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., will deliver the address before the graduating class, June 5.

A very interesting play, "Maidens All Forlorn," was given by the Lynchburg Club, for the benefit of the annual, on April 5.

The final Glee Club concert was given in the auditorium, Friday, the 26th of April. It consisted of a joint program by the Normal School and Hampden-Sidney Glee Clubs.

The drama of Hiawatha was played by the Training School children in the auditorium on April 12, for the benefit of the Training School library. The costumes were beautiful and the parts well acted. Almost every one thought it was the best thing that has ever been given here.

Mrs. Brooks has gone to Florida to spend some time for her health. While she is gone Miss Mary White Cox will take her place. Mrs. Thaxton and Mrs. Jamison will assist her and Mrs. Morris will take Mrs. Jamison's place as housekeeper.

Mrs. La Boyteaux spent a few weeks in Farmville visiting her daughter Ethel.

Miss Mabel Wood, of Richmond, paid a short visit to her sister Birdie Wood.

Mamie Rowe's cousin, Mr. Harry Rowe, spent several days in Farmville.

Several members of the Faculty went to Jamestown on the opening day of the Exposition.

Open Column.

GIVE NAMES TO OUR HALLS

If a body meet a body,
And ask what is this hall,
Must a body tell a body
It has no name at all?

Every Normal girl joins in saying, "Give names to our halls," so that one may not only know her house number but also the street on which she lives.

A girl who has roomed in White House for nine months, when asked where her room was, said, "In the other end of the building on the third floor over the auditorium."—Rather a cumbrous and ambiguous reply.

One of our most important halls bears the ghostly and weird name of Spook Alley. Indeed, Jarman Hall is the only one that has a respectable and noteworthy name. What is the cause of this? Surely no Normal girl can be rightly accused of a lack of school spirit!

I. S.

OUR FLAG.

In vain did Dr. Myers look around the auditorium for a flag when he talked to us a few weeks ago, nor can one be found anywhere about the school.

All schools ought to have a flag, nearly all schools do have a flag, and, why shouldn't we, a State school, have the stars and stripes floating over us and show people that we are proud of what we are?

THE NEW FURNITURE.

If anyone who is familiar with the previous condition of the parlor, sitting room and administration room were now to throw open those doors and view the wonderful change, he would surely comment upon the marked improvement. The beautiful pictures and suitable furniture present a very pleasing sight when contrasted with the bare walls and furnishings of old. Every girl remembers that furniture, some pieces of which were in such a condition as to cause even the pleasure of "having a beau" to be lessened if one had to occupy one of those uncomfortable seats. One girl who has never had the pleasure of entertaining in the parlor and who has said she did not "want a beau up here," since the arrival of the new furniture has been heard to say, "I wish I could go down the first night the new parlor is used." She doesn't want a beau up here, oh no! It is all the fault of the new furniture! Now we shall enjoy having the friends from home visit us. No more shall we be ashamed of the parlor!

This new furniture will be of much service to us, not only by its direct usefulness, but also by adding to the dignity of the school, for could any one who had visited here during the last twenty years while the old furniture was in existence say truthfully that he liked the appearance of the school when, perhaps, the parlor was the place he saw the most of?

Exchanges.

**Richmond College
Messenger.**

There is a good balance of poetry in the February issue of the *Messenger*, some of which is creditable. "At Rest" pleases us with its surprising denouement. We think we are reading of the poet's lady-love, and she is found to be his "Morris chair." "Longing" is exceptionally good. The verse form is smooth and musical, there being none of those harsh jars which we experience in "Lethe," for instance. We were at first much interested in "The Master's Crowning Touch." But what we thought was to be a good story turned out to be a piece of superfluous moralizing.

"A Wonderful Dream," in the March number, is more horrible than wonderful. We notice this tendency to soul-harrowing fiction in many of our exchanges. It is well to hold the attention, but not at the expense of the feelings.

The author of "To Her Brown Eyes" must have discovered a new species of animal. We have yet to hear of a gazelle with a "keen and sweeping glance." We thought the beauty of "gazelle-like eyes"—that ancient simile—lay in their softness and timidity. Will the "poet" please tell us what zoölogy he has studied? And a train is a very prosaic thing; let us leave it out of our poems.

"The Ministry of Books" is an excellent article, treating of the need and value of books, and what they

have done for humanity. It is interesting, instructive and well expressed. We are surprised to see that such an up-to-date magazine as the *Messenger* should make use of a custom that "became obsolete years ago"—that of using students' names for parts of speech. It is truly a "Feast of Names" but a feast at which we had a surfeit.

The editorial on "Northern Interest in Southern Education" is what an editorial should be—of interest to the public as well as the students; the others deal with local matters only.

The exchange department is interesting. The editor is original and sometimes expresses himself in an amusing way. We like his frankness. He certainly says what he thinks. If he would only think a little longer, before expressing his opinion, he would be less liable to error.

In both numbers there are very valuable articles dealing with the vital questions that concern the South of today. Especially helpful is the one that treats of "Present Tendencies in the South." Such articles are timely and give character to a Southern magazine. We should all do our small share toward helping our Southland to her rightful place in the progress of the country.

The Palmetto. Most of our magazines lack stories; but this cannot be said of the *Palmetto*, for, with two exceptions, it contains nothing else in the way of prose. And they are of all styles—good, bad, and indifferent.

The heroine of "Out of Old Poets" is truly a marvelous creature. She *weeps* one moment, is a *stone* the next, and concludes by *dining*—all in one

paragraph. "The Colonel's Story" has an astonishing ending, "the next morning . . . there was a streak of white on the old negro's black, woolly hair." Why did it not *all* turn white, it would have been much more dramatic!

Then we have an interesting incident that happened "On the Car"—a man "closed his eyes impatiently to shut out the rumbling, grating *sounds* of the car wheels." There are, however, several pleasing little sketches for which one is most grateful. Among them are "Love's Labor Lost" and "Force," a laughable little incident about a child.

There are two good poems. "The Sailor Song" has a free, swinging rhythm, and the real lyric quality. In "The Song the Brook" we find a really poetic expression,

" through the leafy trees,
Sunshine and curious breeze
Have found the hidden songstress as she makes
Sweet music through the wood."

We imagine the little winds stealing softly over the land, seeking the brooklet. Finally reaching the woodland through which it flows, they push aside the branches, and peeping through the parted leaves, they find "the hidden songstress." It is true poetry that appeals to the imagination.

The other poems are distressing. They lack either meaning or metre, or both. It is well that the parodies on Spenser—though perhaps not intended as such—were put near the last of the magazine, as we should not have had the strength to read them through had they been anywhere else.

Hampden-Sidney Magazine. The *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* is improving, though there is still room for more. Adverse criticism is often beneficial. We are glad to number it again among our list of exchanges. We cannot recognize anonymous communications, and hence did not acknowledge the receipt of it last month. Let us assure you we are ever ready to have our faults pointed out, but pique should never interfere with a just criticism.

Emory and Henry Era. The *Emory and Henry Era* for March does not compare very favorably with the issue of the previous month. Neither the prose nor the poetry is what we should expect after having read the excellent number that preceded it. Nothing can remain at its height always, however; the ebb tide comes after the flood; so we are disposed to be lenient, and to hope for better things.

The first half of "The Silver Pin" is written in a natural, unaffected way, because the author is on familiar ground. We see the youthful lovers. In the latter part they are *described*, and we are told that the heroine "has contracted no alliances!" The style becomes stilted and forced, and we wish that the story had ended before it lost its charm. "Fair Rheinta's Choice" may be called a good story. It is an account of the marvelous condition of affairs that exist on Mars. The ideas are original, the plot unusual and well worked out. It is to be hoped that the account of the heavenly messenger and the chorus of angels is not irreverent.

We enjoyed the bright and witty account of the Glee Club's tour.

The Chisel. Of the three stories in the February number of the *Chisel*, "Storm-Tossed" is the best. It is unfortunate that such an excellent story should be so weakened by the end. From the beginning the pervading tone is melancholy. From this we are gradually carried into the realm of the unreal, and are entirely unprepared for the happy ending. It comes as a shock to suddenly descend from the remarkable into the commonplace. Seldom can one complain of the lack of tragedy in a story; our writers are all too prone to kill off their characters in a wholesale fashion, but in this particular instance it was the proper thing to do. We should have been satisfied by the fact that "Margaret's" sister found her ere she died. It was enough, after all the years of longing, to be with her at the last. And then we should be spared the discomfort of having thrust upon us a joy that we are not prepared to feel. "General Lee," and "The Story of a Fraternity Pin" lack originality.—Southern girls have married Northern soldiers very often before, and we have heard of men who were disappointed in love.

In "General Lee," however, there is a really entertaining character. "Petrarach," the old negro, is a typical darkey of the days "befo' de war." We heartily enjoy his amusing sayings. He tells us, in one place, "I thought I heerd him groan ez I cum off, but he mout a be'n laffin'—yo' can't neber tell 'bout dem Yankees."



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